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YOGI BEAR



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YOGI BEAR DANGER-DISASTER AREA!



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**YOGI
BEAR**

"THE GOOD SCOUT"

YOGI BEAR WILL BE YOUR
GUIDE THROUGH JELLYSTONE NATIONAL
PARK.

HE'LL ALSO GIVE YOU YOUR
TESTS IN WOODCRAFT. AFTER
ALL, WHO KNOWS BETTER
THAN A BEAR.



LET'S GO,
MEN. FOLLOW ME.



REMEMBER TO FOLLOW THE SIGNS IN
THE FOREST AND YOU WON'T GET
LOST.

BUT, YOGI, WHAT IF
THERE AREN'T ANY
SIGNS?











YOGI BEAR

**"I Wish I Was
a TIGER!"**

AAARRRGHHH

OH, YOGI,
LOOK AT HIM...
ISN'T HE
HANDSOME?

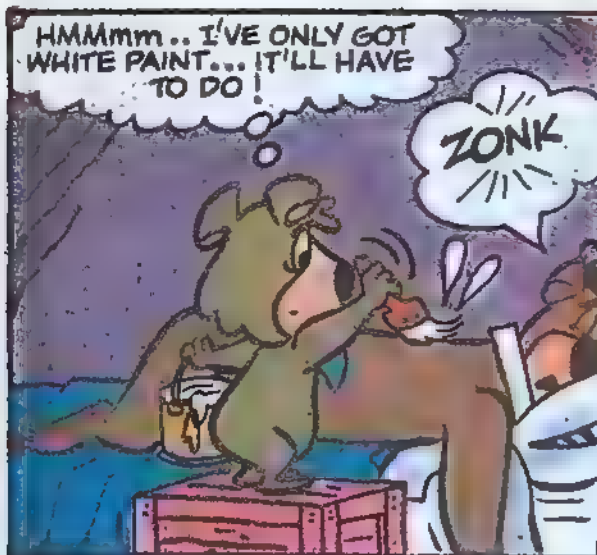
THAT DUDE DOESN'T
IMPRESS ME, CINDY!

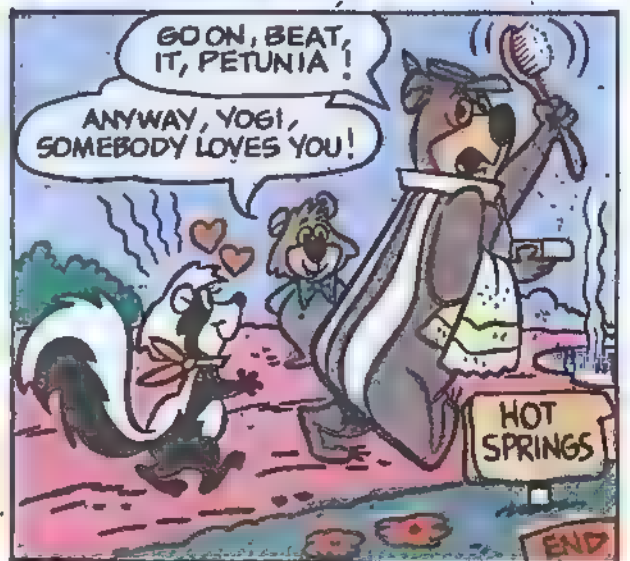
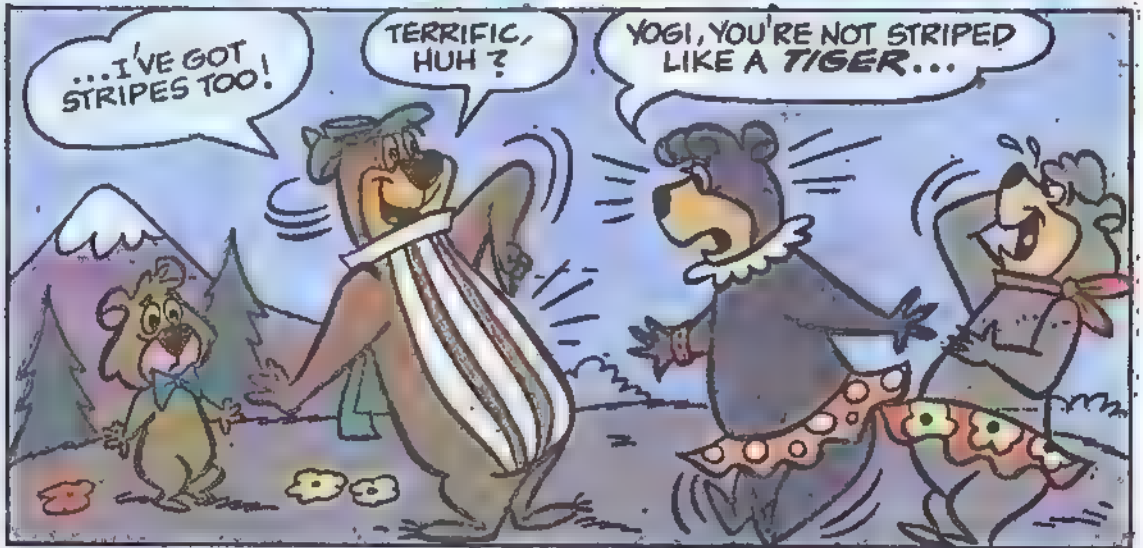
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RAY DIRSO









PLANET OF THE DOGS

STORY BY M. J. FELLOWES

ART BY M. J. ZECK



— "Check the rocket blasters," said Commando Cat to Missile Mouse, his faithful companion and assistant. Missile Mouse walked over to the rocket's control panel. He checked the spaceship's computer panel. The data checked out as Missile's eyes scanned the various dials and gadgets.

— "Everything is A-Okay, Commando, we're right on course," he announced.

"That's good. This has been a long trip. I want to make it home to 'Kittania' without any mishaps," said Commando Cat as he flopped into his chair and slowly closed his eyes. He was very tired and soon he was fast asleep.

"I guess I might as well take a cat nap, too," said Missile Mouse as he looked at his sleeping pal.

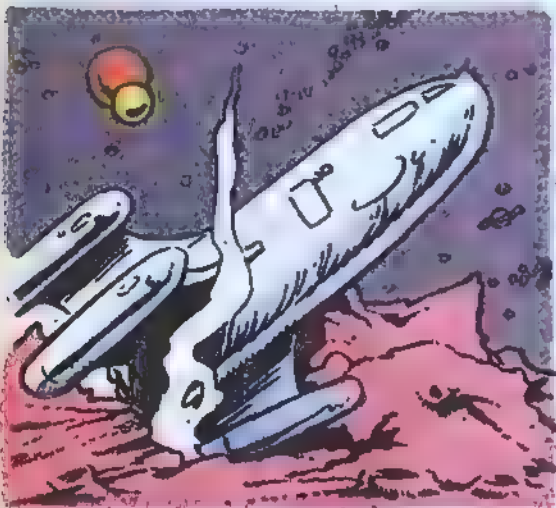
Missile and Commando had been friends for a long time. They were the official space exploration team from Kittania. It was their job to visit unexplored planets in the galaxy. It was their job to collect various samples from all of the planets they landed on. Their job was seldom an easy one. This flight had been one of their hardest. They had landed on a primitive planet where prehistoric monsters still roamed freely. They had collected the complete skeleton of a prehistoric mammoth, but they had almost become a giant monster's dessert. They were lucky to escape with their lives. They managed to store the skeleton below decks and it would be placed in Kittania's space museum when they reached home.

Missile started to close his eyes. He turned towards a

space port and looked out into black space. "Hely, Leapin' Lions!" he screamed as he jumped to his feet and raced towards the control panel. "Wake up, Commando! Our ship is headed right into a meteor shower!" he shouted to his pal.

Commando Cat hopped out of his chair and dashed to Missile's side. They tried to turn the ship, but it was too late. The meteors crashed into the tail fins and knocked their ship off of its course. They began to spin around and around as they plummeted through miles and miles of black, unexplored space. "I'm getting dizzy! I'm going to black out!" called Commando. Missile didn't answer. He had already fainted.

When the two space pals awoke, they found their rocket ship had crash-landed on a mysterious planet.



"I'll check the ship for damage," said Missile. "The damage isn't bad. I can fix it easily!" called Missile from below decks.

"Want me to help you?" asked Commando.

"No, I can do it myself. It won't be hard. You go out and explore the planet," answered Missile.

"That's a great idea!" agreed Commando.

Commando put on his spacesuit and helmet and climbed down the spaceship's ladder. He had walked about a mile when he saw a strange-looking village. All of the houses resembled Earth-type dog houses. "I wonder if the natives are friendly?" Commando asked himself.

Suddenly, he heard dogs barking. He turned around

and saw that he was surrounded by a pack of wild dogs. The dogs were standing on their hind legs and carrying spears. They were wearing feathers on their



fur and had point on their noses. "This is the dog planet. You are our prisoner. Who are you?" asked the leader of the pack.

"I am Commando Cat from Kitzatia. I crash-landed here by mistake," Commando answered.

"A cat?" shouted the leader.

"A CAT!" echoed the pack.

"We haven't chased a cat in ages. We used to have cats on our planet, but we chased them away. Cat chasing used to be our favorite sport," explained the leader.

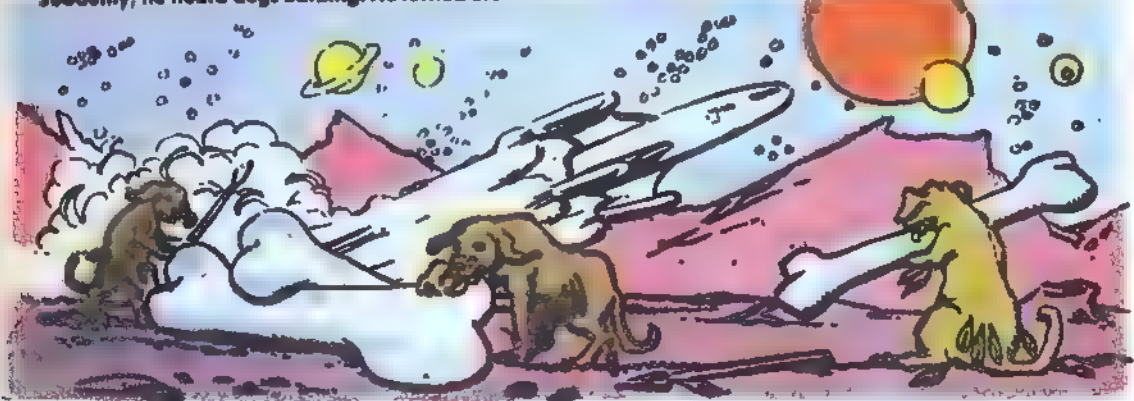
"Let's chase the captive. If he escapes, he lives! If we catch him, he dies!" shouted the savage dogs.

It was decided that Commando would run for his life. Commando made a mad dash for his rocket ship. The dogs gave chase. They howled and barked as they pursued their prey. Commando made it to the ship, but he couldn't climb up the ladder. The dogs were right behind him.

Missile heard loud barking and meowing. He looked outside. He saw Commando being chased around and around the ship by the pack. He knew there was only one way to save his pal. He ran below decks to where the mammoth's skeleton was stored. He began to toss the huge bones out of the spaceship.

When the dogs saw the big, juicy bones, they couldn't resist the tasty treat. One by one they stopped chasing Commando and started eating. Soon, all of the dogs were gnawing on prehistoric bones.

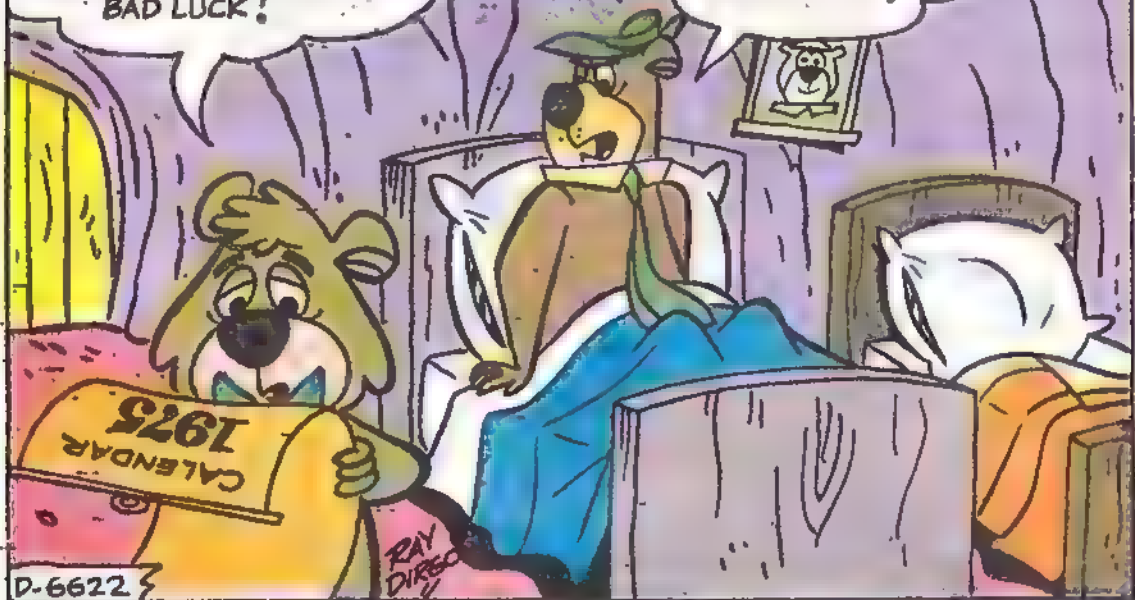
Commando was able to climb up the ladder, and escape into the spaceship. Missile quickly started the engines. "Let's get off of this dog-gone, flea-bitten planet of the dogs!" shouted Commando as they blasted off.



Who's Superstitious?

YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL TODAY YOGI! IT'S **FRIDAY THE 13th** AND THAT'S **BAD LUCK!**

FOOEY! THAT STUFF DOESN'T BOTHER ME!



NO, YOGI... YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF BED ON THE **WRONG SIDE!**

IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE **BAD LUCK** TOO?

YOU FORGOT ABOUT THE **MOUSE TRAP** YOU PUT ON THAT SIDE OF THE BED!...

YEEOWWWW!!!!

